

Boston Latin School, as at the Frederick Douglass Academy, there was firm, but not abusive, discipline. And we had three hours of homework a night. There were no excuses for not turning in the work. At the Frederick Douglass Academy, the students have four hours of homework a night.

The students there take Japanese and Latin in middle school and can switch to French or Spanish in high school. At Boston Latin, we had to take Latin and Greek as well as American history. The kids at Frederick Douglass can take advanced placement courses not only in American history, but also in calculus and physics. I flunked beginning physics.

Moreover, the students at Frederick Douglass mentor elementary-school children at the public school next door. "The idea," Mr. Hodge told the New York Times, "is to show students that they have responsibilities to the Harlem community. And they are expected to be leaders and help Harlem grow."

Near Boston Latin Schools, there were elementary school kids who, without mentoring, didn't have much of a chance to believe that they could someday go to college. But our Boston Latin principal didn't send us out to be part of a larger responsibility.

So how come Frederick Douglass Academy does what a public school is supposed to do—lift all boats? The principal, who reads every one of the 1,100 report cards, demands that his teachers expect each child to learn. The school works, he says, because it has committed teachers. "They come in early and stay late. The teachers go with them to colleges. Some have gone in their own pockets for supplies . . . Teachers here will do everything they can to make sure kids are successful."

A senior who had been in a high school outside New York City explained the success of the school—and his own success there—succinctly: "They want you to learn here."

I have been in schools at which principals are seldom seen because they don't want to take responsibility for problems that arise. And I know teachers who have enabled kids to learn in their classrooms, but worry about sending the students on to teachers who are convinced that children from mean streets and homes without books can learn only so much.

And I remember a president named Bill Clinton who spent a lot of time focusing on affirmative action to get minority kids into college. For the most part, he ignored the students who never get close to going to college because of principals, teachers and school boards who do not expect all kids to learn, and so do not demand that they do.

At a New York City school board meeting years ago, I heard a black parent accuse the silent officials: "When you fail, when everybody fails my child, what happens? Nothing. Nobody gets fired. Nothing happens to nobody, except my child."

He was torn between grief and rage. So are many American parents these days. At the Frederick Douglass Academy, parents see their children grow in every way. And it is a public school.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. NEIL ABERCROMBIE

OF HAWAII

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 14, 2001

Mr. ABERCROMBIE. Mr. Speaker, yesterday, June 13, I was unavoidably absent and I

was unable to vote on two rollcall votes. Had I been present, I would have voted as follows: Rollcall No. 158, approval of the Journal, "yea", Rollcall No. 159, passage of H.R. 1157, "yea".

FLAG AND FATHERS' DAY 2000

HON. JOHN L. MICA

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 14, 2001

Mr. MICA. Mr. Speaker, on Flag Day and as we approach Fathers' Day 2000, I thought it would be appropriate to share with my colleagues and include in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD excerpts from the publication "War Letters: Extraordinary Correspondence from American Wars", and a subsequent article authored by Andrew Carroll. I do not recall ever having read anything that better captures the joy of fatherhood, the scale of individual sacrifice for our Nation, or that conveys more fitting appreciation of our national insignia—our flag. In an era when nearly a third of our sons and daughters are raised without a father, when the traditional family and patriotism are wavering, it is my hope that these powerful letters may serve as a small inspiration.

Author Andrew Carroll provides a preface introduction and details the circumstances relating to the writing of each letter.

Twenty-six-year-old Capt. George Rarey, stationed in England, was informed of the birth of his first child just moments after coming back from a mission on March 22, 1944. Overwhelmed with joy, Rarey sent a letter to his wife Betty Lou (nicknamed June) in Washington, DC. A talented artist, Rarey drew a sketch to commemorate the event.

Darling, Darling, Junie!

Junie, this happiness is nigh unbearable—Got back from a mission at 4:00 this afternoon and came up to the hut for a quick shave before chow and what did I see the deacon waving at me as I walked up the road to the shack? A small yellow envelope—I thought it was a little early but I quit breathing completely until the wonderful news was unfolded—A son! Darling, Junie! How did you do it?—I'm so proud of you I'm beside myself—Oh you darling.

All of the boys in the squadron went wild. Oh its wonderful! I had saved my tobacco ration for the last two weeks and had obtained a box of good American cigars—Old Doc Finn trotted out two quarts of Black and White from his medicine chest and we all toasted the fine new son and his beautiful Mother.

Junie if this letter makes no sense forget it—I'm sort of delirious—Today everything is special—This iron hut looks like a castle—The low hanging overcast outside is the most beautiful kind of blue I've ever seen—I'm a father—I have a son! My darling Wife has had a fine boy and I'm a king—Junie, Darling, I hope it wasn't too bad—Oh I'm so glad its over—Thank you, Junie—Thank you—thank you. . . .

Oh, Junie, I wish I could be there—Now I think maybe I could be of some help—There are so many things to be done—What a ridiculous and worthless thing a war is in the light of such a wonderful event. that there will be no war for Damon!—Junie, isn't there anything I can do to help out. . . .

Oh my beautiful darling, I love you more and more and more—Gosh, I'm happy!—Sweet dreams my sweet mother, Love—Rarey.

Capt. George Rarey was killed three months after writing this letter.

Even in the Internet age, many servicemen and women continued to send their letters the old-fashioned way—through the mail. In 1997, 36-year-old Major Tom O'Sullivan was in Bosnia, serving as the officer in charge of the first Armored Division Assault Command Post and, later, as the operations officer of the 4th Battalion, 67th Armor at Camp Colt. O'Sullivan frequently wrote home to his wife Pam and their two children, Tara and Conor, and on September 16, 1996—the day Conor turned seven—O'Sullivan (at far right, with his Bosnian translator) sent a birthday gift he hoped would have special meaning to his son:

Dear Conor,

I am very sorry that I could not be home for your seventh birthday, but I will soon be finished with my time here in Bosnia and will return to be with you again. You know how much I love you, and that's what counts the most. I think that all I will think about on your birthday is how proud I am to be your dad and what a great kid you are.

I remember the day you were born and how happy I was. It was the happiest I have ever been in my life and I will never forget that day. You were very little and had white hair. I didn't let anyone else hold you much because I wanted to hold you all the time. . . .

There aren't any stores here in Bosnia, so I couldn't buy you any toys or souvenirs for your birthday. What I am sending you is something very special, though. It is a flag. This flag represents America and makes me proud each time I see it. When the people here in Bosnia see it on our uniforms, on our vehicles, or flying above our camps, they know that it represents freedom, and, for them, peace after many years of war. Sometimes, this flag is even more important to them than it is to people who live in America because some Americans don't know much about the sacrifices it represents or the peace it has brought to places like Bosnia.

This flag was flown on the flagpole over the headquarters of Task Force 4-67 Armor, Camp Colt, in the Posavina Corridor of northern Bosnia-Herzegovina, on 16 September 1996. It was flown in honor of you on your seventh birthday. Keep it and honor it always.

Love, Dad.

REDWOODS DEBT FOR NATURE

HON. RICHARD W. POMBO

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 14, 2001

Mr. POMBO. Mr. Speaker, the staff report is entitled Redwoods Debt-For-Nature Agenda of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation and the Office of Thrift Supervision to Acquire the Headwaters Forest. This report was prepared for the Committee to wrap up some oversight work on the FDIC and Office of Thrift Supervision redwoods debt-for-nature matter started during the last congress. The analysis concludes that there was a redwoods debt-for-nature scheme pursued by the bank regulators at the FDIC and the OTS beginning in at least February 1994. The startling part is